

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi eras moriturus.

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Better than They Knew.

SOMEWHAT CENTENNIAL.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And joined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity:
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew.—*Emerson.*

I.

Since first the priest, Copernicus,
Swept out his orbits, thus and thus,
Since modern science first began,
Led by that childlike, godlike man,
For centuries the lord of day,
Rejoicing on his onward way,
Was held to be a moveless light
Whose seeming motion cheats the sight.

But knowledge, doth the poet sing,
While little is a dangerous thing:
When science grew more old and wise
A grander vision met her eyes,
A mightier pathway in the skies;
For a wider orbit then was found,
Out, out into the deep profound,
Wherein the sun is speeding on,
Forever, ever to be gone,
Till suns and systems shall be none,
When God shall call their motions in,
And heaven's eternal rounds begin.

The science thus which had withdrawn
His daily motion from the sun,
More sublime motion did return,
Beyond where stars and systems burn:
His planet-motion round the earth
To starry motion giveth birth;
The daily round was silvery prime,
The starry bound is golden time.

II.

So you, brave sires of old, wise band,
Planning your scheme for freedom's land,
Like that great priest, Copernicus,
Swept out your orbits, thus and thus:
But grand as was your primal thought,
And mighty as the end you sought,
Yet grander was God's secret plan,
More vast His work than you could scan.
While still the field opened to your view,
More rich and broad it daily grew,
And more was shown than erst you knew;
For outward, onward, upward ran
The widening orbits of His plan,
As year by year revealed some sign
To unfold yet more His grand design.

How your great hearts within you swelled,
As all this goodness you beheld;

How still our own with ardor glow,
As more we see than you could know;
While sons and daughters yet shall eye
Bliss our most gifted cannot spy:
For in the future, as the past,
Each dawn breaks lightly from the last;
Our good to better ever ran,
And best will be where good began,
The new come ever from the old
As silver glorified to gold.

Thus as the sun, more calm and grand,
Sweeps on his way, so our fair land,
The planet passed, her silvery prime,
Moves proudly on to golden time:
Forever be her march thus on,
Till man-marred systems shall be none,
Till, discord, doubt, and wrangling past,
God's own great plan is known at last.

John Keats.

In the year 1817, John Keats, then in his twenty-first year, published a volume containing his juvenile poetry, and shortly afterwards his long poem, "Endymion, a Poetic Romance." In 1820 he published another volume containing "Lamia," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion," and some minor poems. In October of the same year he went to Rome, and died there on the 21st of February of the ensuing year.

Hardly had the *Endymion* been published before the *Quarterly Review* in three pages criticised the poem in a truly savage manner. In the criticism it said: "It is not that Mr. Keats (if that is his real name,—for we almost doubt whether any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody,) it is not, we say that the author has powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius; he has all these: but he is unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has somewhere been called cockney poetry, which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language. . . . The author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype."

Three pages of criticism similar to the above certainly would not be relished by any poet, and Keats, whose nature was extremely sensitive, must necessarily have been annoyed and hurt. But that the criticism was the actual cause of his death, as was for some time the general belief, is absurd. He died, De Quincey tells us, "of pulmonary consumption, and would have died of it, probably, under any circumstances of prosperity as a poet." It was Shelley's pathetic lines that first gave rise to the belief that his death was caused by the brutality of the criticism.

Shelley says: "Its first effects are described to have resembled insanity; and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun." Lord Byron, taking Shelley's view of the matter, wrote that famous stanza in the 11th canto of *Don Juan*, by reason of which the belief that grief was the cause of the poet's death became more general. Byron wrote:

"John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not unintelligible,—without Greek,—
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate.
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an Article."

In connection, however, with this stanza, Leigh Hunt, the great friend of Keats, and who probably knew better the real facts in the matter than anyone else, writes: "When I was in Italy, Lord Byron showed me in manuscript the well-known passage in *Don Juan* in which Keats' death is attributed to the *Quarterly Review*,—the couplet about the fiery particle that was snuff'd out by an article. I told him the real state of the case, proving to him that the supposition was a mistake, and therefore if printed would be a misrepresentation. But a stroke of wit was not to be given up."

But if Keats did receive any injury from the article in the *Quarterly Review*, the critic himself received it in return in unmeasured terms. Shelley made use of the strongest invective against him in his "Adonais," while Talfourd, Hunt, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham and others were outspoken in their defence and fierce in their charges. Allan Cunningham wrote: "The Editor of the *Quarterly Review* happened to be looking out for a victim when the works of Keats appeared. . . . To such a review there was no other mode of reply but a horsewhip or a brace of pistols." Talfourd says that Keats "was cruelly or wantonly held up to ridicule in the *Quarterly Review*—to his transitory shame, we fear, but to the lasting disgrace of his traducer." Hazlitt writes that "Mr. Keats was hooted out of the world, and his fine talents and wounded sensibilities consigned to an early grave." But if abler men defended Keats against Gifford, the critic was by no means wanting in defending himself and in having others to help him fight his battle.

Keats' fame as a poet is now enduring. Everybody thinks, now that the contention of the critics is over, that he was endowed by nature with a rare poetic faculty, and that originality and power are the great characteristics of all he has written. His great fault is that he has allowed his exuberant imagination to roam scot free, and hence his writings are so filled with images and his transitions from thought to thought so rapid that he never will become what is called a popular poet; but to those who are of a poetical temperament and who have an imagination capable of following him in his various flights, he will ever be a prime favorite. To people of this nature he will ever be stimulating, suggestive and delightful, but to those who prefer the poet to anticipate their imagination rather than to bring it into action, Keats' poems will not have many charms. He is a poet to be read by poets who are best capable of appreciating his power. E. P. Whipple, as a pro-

test against those who unduly praise Keats, says: "That the poetry of Keats is full of beauties, that it evinces a most remarkable richness and sensitiveness of fancy and suggestiveness of imagination, that it contains passages of a certain rough sublimity seemingly above its general tone, and that it occasionally makes the sense of satisfaction ache with the unreachable delicacy of its epithets, is cheerfully acknowledged by every one who reads poetry without having his fancy and imagination shut by prejudice; but that it evinces the force and fire, the depth, the grandeur, or the comprehensiveness of a great nature, that it displays powers—we will not say, like those of Milton, but—like those of either of the great poets of the nineteenth century, is a dogma to which neither the life nor the writings of Keats afford any adequate support."

A New French Novel.

We here subjoin a few chapters of a new sensational novel of the French school, the advance proof sheets of which have fallen into our possession. No doubt our readers will find them of romantic and thrilling interest. The author is one who has drank deep at the fountain of inspiration opened by Victor Hugo, and in his latest effort no difficulty will be experienced in detecting many of the "great master's" most striking beauties. We understand that the author, who is endowed with a certain versatility of talent, is now at work on an English society novel, *a la* Miss Braddon, entitled "The Sweetened Teacup." We shall endeavor to secure the manuscript, or at least a few leading chapters, which we may publish in some future issue.

The Outlaw of Monte Fiasco.

CHAPTER DCCCLXXV.

Quos ego. Sed.—*Virgilius cum Julio Frater.*

The rain poured in torrents—the lightning flashed overhead—the thunder rolled in terrific peals—Nature seemed in the throes of her supreme agony. "'Tis well," muttered the dark and gloomy Henri Armand de la Crapaudière, shrugging his shoulders with fiendish glee. "'Tis well! the hour is at hand—he must perish—triumph is mine, and then!!!"

And then!!!!!!

Ah, cruel soul!! Heart steeled to pity!!!—but we anticipate. "What? hark! did I not hear? 'Tis false! Hence, horrid phantom! be still, craven fear!!! Fear? and yet—and yet—"

Ah yes, and yet!"

One deafening peal of thunder resounded above, and as its last reverberating echoes died away there rose upon the midnight air a startled

"Ha !!!"

CHAPTER DCCCLXXVI.

Dans un cachot affreux abandonne vingt ans.—*Voltaire.*

We must now return to the gloomy dungeon in the Faubourg du Temple, in whose sombre vaults lies buried the once brilliant and all-accomplished Gaston Gaspard d'Argencourt, the "Outlaw of Monte Fiasco." The wrecks of that once proud form show how deeply the iron of persecution has entered into his noble soul. "Oh Society! odious, hypocritical, tyrannical Society! this is thy work. They call me outlaw!" muttered he, grinding his teeth

with impotent rage. "Outlaw forsooth!!! And why—their laws I acknowledge not—their vengeance I defy! What is property—'tis theft!—and theft—Oh, priestcraft! too long hast thou sought to blind the eyes of men to this bright truth. But the clouds are breaking—the dawn approaches—the hour of the proletariat is at hand. Tremble! perfidious society—tremble-e-e-e-e-e! Beware-e-e-e-e-e!"

A clanking as of steel on the icy pavement—a noise as of shuffling bolts and smothered execrations,

and—

CHAPTER DCCCLXXVII.

Down down to Hell.—*King Richard.*

The outlaw of Monte Fiasco stood face to face with his mortal foe. A look of insolent triumph, tempered with deep, intense, undying hatred, lighted up the sallow brow of De la Crapaadière;—a smile of ineffable loathing and contempt irradiated the classic features of the noble outlaw.

"Ha, caitiff!"—he hissed at length, "and hast thou come to glut thy fell revenge? Vile wretch! basest representative of a still baser society! Ha! hear'st thou not thy doom in the shrieks of an outraged humanity? Avaunt, hideous spectre!!!!

"Par-r-r-r-r-r-r bleu!" yelled the fierce D'Argentcourt—aglow with suppressed excitement,—“par-r-r-r-r-r-bleu!” yelled he, evidently confused by the vehemence of his outraged rival.

Stung to madness by this last remark, the now frenzied outlaw lost all control over his fierce emotions. Bounding up—eyes glaring in their sockets—arms upraised on high, and locks floating in the midnight breeze—"Sac-r-r-r-r-r-r-risti!" he shrieked, in tones of wildest anguish and despair—but the exertion was too violent for his exhausted frame, and he sank lifeless to the earth. A flash of intense brilliancy lighted up the obscurity of the dungeon—a deafening peal rent the skies and reverberated through the resounding vaults—the sword was dashed from the nerveless grasp of De la Crapaudière—and with a yell of despair he fell by the side of his victim.

Noble outlaw, thou art avenged. A—ven—ged!!!

Ha!!!! (TABLEAU.)

W. E. T.

The Northern Indiana College.

In reading the details of the late interesting affair at South Bend, it may have been noticed that one of the principal parties concerned was a "student of the Northern Indiana College." As he is the first student of that institution, so far as we know, who has ever come before the public in any capacity, our readers may wish to be informed as to the particulars of the rise, progress, and downfall of that formidable (?) rival of Notre Dame.

Back of South Bend there lies a strip of neutral ground on which the raindrop loves to linger ere it makes a final selection of a path through life, and decides whether to go down the swift St. Joseph to our Great Lakes, thence to be carried over the terrific cataract of Niagara, to be beaten against rocks, and thrown up into the air as a diamond of glittering spray, until, at length, the St. Lawrence leads it off to the frozen regions of the North, where, assuming solidity as a particle of iceberg, it spends the rest of its hours revolving around the pole and reflecting the beams of the midnight sun; or whether, on the other hand, it

shall abandon this adventurous and brilliant career, seek the placid waters of the Kankakee, and glide through life with no higher ambition than to leap an occasional milldam, until the sluggish Illinois conveys it to the majestic Father of Waters, to be subsequently consigned to the blue waves of the Gulf of Mexico, there to sleep sensuously on the rocking billows until some sunbeam of the torrid zone raises it in the thin form of imperceptible vapor to the home above from which it came. No wonder that the absorbing interests involved in this momentous decision should delay the hesitating raindrop many days in the "goose pasture," and no wonder, either, that the "goose pasture" should be a damp, nasty place.

Nevertheless, here it was that some ambitious gentlemen, observing the budding prosperity of the popish institutions on the other side of the river, endeavored to establish a seat of learning, whose fame, they calculated, would soon eclipse that of Notre Dame, with St. Mary's thrown in, for this new College was to be a standing witness to the benefits accruing from the "co-education of the sexes," especially in a boarding school.

They began in 1862 or thereabouts, with a building that was considered quite stylish at the time of its erection, for the new College at Notre Dame was not then thought of, and St. Mary's was a row of dark-red wooden frames. The mighty factories of South Bend had not as yet loomed up, nor had the horn of the standpipe been exalted. No one would then have said: "The sweet voice of the Singer will be heard here, and the Birdsell warble their pathetic lays." Even the Studebaker stood aback of the prominent position he now occupies. And hence the Northern Indiana College was very much admired, and folks used to drive up Washington Street to look at it, and try to drive round it, and get stuck among the grubs, and swear, etc.

They kept it up quite a long time considering, and had a Professor of Music and several Presidents. They used to have exhibitions in the large room at the top. I attended one of them. That was before it bust. It ended like this.

Z.

Wax Figures.

At one time wax figures were considered as belonging to the fine arts. That time has now passed, although the manufacture of them is still carried on to a great extent.

According to Pliny, the art of casting wax into moulds was not practiced before the age of Lysistratus, who flourished some three hundred years before the Christian era, and who is the reputed inventor of it. His productions consisted chiefly in portraits cast from plaster moulds taken from the face, and he is said to have exercised much taste in finishing off his casts. Yet though Pliny calls Lysistratus the inventor of the art, it is the commonly received opinion that the employment of wax in imitative arts dates from a period anterior to historical times.

Among the Romans, wax portraits became common; and this people, who always prided themselves on their ancestry, placed them in the vestibules of their houses, where they stood as evidences of the ancient nobility of the family, none being allowed to possess images of this kind whose families had not held some curile magistracy. It was because of this that the term *fumosa imagines* was used, indicating the antiquity of a family. It is related by Polybius that these images, dressed in costumes suitable to the age or rank of the person, were carried in the funeral pro-

cessions or were seated in chairs in the forum; they served as an impressive spectacle to the populace, and as a suggestive theme to the orator of the occasion.

In the middle ages wax was often used in making images of saints. And not only was it used by people for religious and pious uses, but others in those ages made use of it. Those given to sorcery, so we read, melted before a slow fire the images cast in wax of those against whom their incantations were directed.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century Andrea del Verrocchio and Orsino gained great renown on account of work done in wax by them. They together made statues of Lorenzo di Medici, the framework of which was wood, while the heads, hands and feet were cast in wax and painted in oil-colors to imitate life. The eyes were made of glass, and the hair was natural human hair. The life-like appearance of these statues are spoken of with praise by Vasari, but he adds that the art declined after the death of Orsino.

Wax figures of the size of life are still manufactured, but as no skill or taste on the part of the artist can overcome that fixedness of look which gives to them a ghastliness that is most disagreeable, they are no longer considered as belonging to the domain of the fine arts.

Still, by means of the invention of Gaetano Giulio Zumbo, who flourished in the seventeenth century, wax has been used with great advantage in preparing anatomical figures and pathological examples. In the eighteenth century the famous collection of anatomical models was commenced in the institute of Bologna under the direction of Ercole Lelli. The finest specimens for the collection were made by Giovanni Manzoli and his wife. Fifteen chambers in the Museum of Natural History at Florence are devoted to preparations by Fontana, Susini and other modellers, who have become famous. In Paris the Musée Dupuytren is noted for its morbid specimens, and there is scarcely any city of note but what has its collection.

In the manufacture of wax models, it is customary to take a mould in plaster of paris of the object to be imitated. The model when cast receives its local tints by means of a hair brush and powder colors moistened with turpentine.

Cæsar and Alexander.

Foremost among the conquerors of antiquity, the names of Cæsar and Alexander stand forth in bold relief on the pages of history. Alike in their ambition of universal domination, equal in genius and in the unparalleled succession of triumphs with which their efforts were crowned—but widely different in their respective cast of character—these two heroes present an almost inexhaustible subject of contrast and parallel to the pen of the thoughtful historian. A king—a despot's son—and nurtured in the anticipation of despotic royalty, Alexander betrays in everything the impress of a nature accustomed to command; Cæsar, surrounded with jealous rivals and watchful enemies, shows himself worthy to wield the supreme authority long before there appears any probability of his ever attaining it. Cradled in the camp, from his earliest infancy the delight and idol of the soldiery, Alexander vanquishes armies and subdues nations at an age which renders such exploits almost incredible; Cæsar, whose youth has been passed mid the riot and debauchery of patrician Rome, has almost reached middle-age before performing any of the

feats which have rendered his name imperishable. All the great men of the age—painters, poets and philosophers—group themselves around Alexander; Cæsar enters the lists, where wealth and power and genius are linked against him—and if he triumphs it appears almost the triumph of destiny. Cæsar pays his court to fortune and seems happy when favored with her smiles. Alexander chains Victory to his car and forces her to become his handmaid and attendant. Alexander is always the doughty captain; Cæsar, the consummate tactician. Flushed with success, Alexander would crush every obstacle under the iron heel of the warrior; a master in the art of deception, Cæsar relies for success not more on his ability as a general than on his skill and dexterity as a politician. The perpetual contrast between them seems to have been maintained in the very enemies with whom they battled. The triumphs of Alexander were achieved over degenerate Greeks and effeminate Asiatics; the conquests of Cæsar were purchased in the blood of warriors hitherto unconquered and invincible. Alexander, in fine, is the keystone of the edifice he has founded—when he falls, the mighty structure will not fail to crumble in the dust; the work of Cæsar, on the contrary, outliving alike the storm of battle and tempest of faction, shall proudly tower aloft long after its architect has fallen a victim to the hatred excited by its erection.

SCHOOLBOY.

The Secret Tribunal.

In the middle ages there flourished in Germany, but more particularly in Westphalia, secret tribunals called the *Vehmgerichte*. What their origin was we do not fully know; by some, they are supposed to be traceable back to a very early age. Though there is no mention of them by name until the thirteenth century, there are traces of their existence, however, in the twelfth century, and according to some historians as early as the ninth.

Palgrave, in his "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," says: "Charlemagne, according to the traditions of Westphalia, was the founder of the Vehmic tribunal, and it is supposed that he instituted the court for the purpose of coercing the Saxons, ever ready to relapse into the idolatry from which they had been reclaimed, not by persuasion but by the sword." This opinion, however, is not confirmed either by documentary evidence or by contemporary historians. He also says: "The Vehmic tribunals can only be considered as the original jurisdiction of the 'Old Saxons,' which survived the subjugation of the country. The singular and mystic forms of initiation, the system of enigmatical phrases, the use of the signs and symbols of recognition, may probably be ascribed to the period when the whole system was united to the worship of the deities of Vengeance, assembled like the Asi of old before the altars of Thor and Woden."

The Free Vehm Court, or the Secret Tribunal, had its home in Westphalia, and it was only upon the "red earth"—as in their phraseology its soil was termed—could its members be initiated or its sittings be held. Palgrave, describing the initiation of a member, says: "Bareheaded and ungirt, the candidate is conducted before the dread tribunal. He is interrogated as to his qualifications, or rather as to the absence of any qualification. He must be freeborn, a Teuton, and clear of any accusation cognizable by the tribunal of which he is to become a member. If the answers are satisfactory, he then takes the oath, swear-

ing by the Holy Law that he will conceal the secrets of the Holy Vehme from wife and child, from father and mother, from sister and brother, from fire and water, from every creature upon which the sun shines or upon which the rain falls, from every being between heaven and earth. Another clause relates to his active duties. He farther swears that he will 'say forth' to the tribunal all crimes or offences which fall beneath the secret ban of the Emperor which he knows to be true, or which he has heard from trustworthy report; and that he will not forbear to do so for love or for loathing, for gold nor for silver nor precious stones. This oath being imposed upon him, the new Frieschopff was then intrusted with the secrets of the Vehmic tribunal. He received the password by which he was to know his fellows, and the grip or sign by which they recognized each other in silence; and he was warned of the terrible punishment awaiting the perjured brother. If he discloses the secrets of the court he is to expect that he will be suddenly seized by the ministers of vengeance. His eyes are bound, he is cast down on the soil, his tongue is torn out through the back of his neck, and he is then to be hanged seven times higher than any other criminal."

This tribunal was at first a protest against the arbitrary decisions of the lawless barons and nobles of the age; but, in the course of time, the Vehme becoming very numerous, people of every rank in society sought to be associated to it and share in the immunities possessed by its members. The Emperor and the nobles of the court, together with men of all callings, joined it. Princes were only too eager to allow their ministers to join the mysterious alliance, and the cities of the Empire were anxious to enroll their magistrates in the Vehmic Union.

The courts could be summoned at any time and in any place in Westphalia. They might be held in public or private buildings, in the forests, or caves, or in the open field; but as a rule they were closed against all but the initiated. The Emperor, when present, presided at the meeting, but in his absence a count or some noble of the highest dignity filled the office, though on many occasions men of common birth sat as judges even when those of higher rank were present. If any one not initiated intruded, he was executed immediately. Before the judge lay the emblems of his authority—a sword and cord. In the early years of the organization the accused might be absolved by taking a solemn oath of purification on the judge's sword, but it happening that criminals did not hesitate to perjure themselves, the accuser was allowed to prove his charge by the oaths of three witnesses. If this evidence could be rebutted by the accused he was discharged; if condemned, he was forthwith hanged. If any one accused, had not been arrested, he was summoned to appear by a written notice fastened upon the door of his residence. If he had no known residence, the summons was posted at the crossroad nearest his haunts. If after being summoned the party failed to appear or to send a messenger, he was at once condemned as despising the authority of Vehme, and once condemned he had but little chance of escaping, for his life being forfeited, he was to be pursued and might be killed by any one of the free judges, who in the fifteenth century numbered over one hundred thousand. The condemnation of an offender was made known to the whole brotherhood in a very short while. Neither father nor brother nor son of the condemned were permitted to warn him of his danger, but must aid in putting him to death. Every member of the

Vehme was bound under penalty of losing his life to effect the death of a man once condemned by the free judges. The condemned having been slain, was hanged to the nearest tree. It was not allowed to take from him anything valuable, and a knife was thrust into the earth near the corpse to show that the death was the result of a sentence of the free judges.

In the course of time the power of Vehme became formidable, and excited the hostility of many persons. There were those who feared becoming its victims, and those who saw in it an engine capable of great oppression, who leagued together to oppose it. Though the Emperor Charles IV in 1371 stipulated for the recognition of the Vehme, yet in the following century the number of its opponents became exceedingly large. In the year 1461 an association was formed among the princes of Germany and the opulent cities of the Hanse to resist the free judges and to have the trial of all accused persons take place in open court. In the year 1495 the new criminal code established by Maximilian weakened the power of the secret tribunal, and in the sixteenth century Vehmic courts were seldom held. In 1568 the last public sitting of the court was held near Celle; but secret sittings were held frequently in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Kohlrausch states that a private sitting was held in 1811, in Munster. They had however long before the close of the seventeenth century lost all their terrors.

The Vehmic tribunals of Westphalia for many centuries were objects of terror to all. The very name had become, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, awful in men's ears. It has now passed away, and poets and novelists have not failed to make good use of its terrors. Goethe and Sir Walter Scott have both availed themselves of it in their writings.

Dragons.

In the remote ages, dragons have been ever celebrated. The dragon was supposed to be an animal of the reptile kind, but furnished with the wings of a bat—a terrific monster, of large size and frightful in appearance. In many places in the Holy Scriptures the dragon is used symbolically to represent the malignity of Satan, the spiritual enemy of man, and to convey to the mind an idea of the monstrous forms and most lamentable condition of the fallen angels,—which was their lot after their rebellion against God.

Ideas of the real existence of animals answering to the description of the dragon, with wings and scales and forked tongues, breathing forth fire and smoke, have in all ages terrified weak minds. A modern writer, investigating the many accounts of the dragon handed down to us, is led to believe that he has traced the origin of this feigned monster back to the ancient Egyptians, discovering it among the hieroglyphics of that country. He says: "Before the Egyptians were become acquainted with the exact time of the periodical overflowing of the Nile, they frequently found their harvests destroyed by the then unlooked for inundation. They therefore regarded that river as the enemy of agriculture or husbandry. Agriculture or husbandry was symbolized as a child, the son of Osiris and Isis, or the Sun and the Earth; and, thus personified, was denominated Horus. The Nile was characterized by a crocodile, etc. The character of a crocodile was hence considered as the symbol of any enemy. In commemorating the general deluge, they also symbolized that event by

a water-monster killing Osiris or the Sun. Hence the water-monster, the crocodile, or dragon, became the representation of the enemy of the Sun. The Sun the Egyptians confounded with Ham, and Ham they confounded with the Almighty; hence those signs became indicative of the enemy of the Almighty, or the evil principle, or the devil. Moses, we are told, was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; and almost every page of the Pentateuch reminds us of the idolatry of the Israelites. And mention is expressly made by the prophet Amos, and through him by St. Stephen, in the Acts of the Apostles, of the types or symbols which they brought out of Egypt. The convertible use of the terms, *Ob*, *Peten*, *Python*, *Typhon*, etc., so often made by sacred and profane writers, corroborates this idea. The words Satan and Devil, also signifying an enemy, accuser, or adversary, and so frequently occurring in the Scriptures, and which are applied even to men, add strength to this conjecture.

"The crocodile was peculiarly descriptive of the Nile; and was, therefore, more generally and longer adopted as the representative of that river, the original foe. The emblem of the winds was a bird; or, in compound symbols, the wings of one. When the Egyptians had at length ascertained the annual inundation of the Nile, they exhibited to the public view the symbol of a crocodile with wings upon his back, in order to indicate to the people that the Etesian winds had set in, and that, in consequence, the Nile was about to overflow. The crocodile with wings strongly agrees with the representation of the dragon; and the crocodile is evidently the tannim, the leviathan, etc., of the Scriptures. The name of the leviathan has allusion to its scales: now the whale (as the word is frequently rendered) has no scales; but the scales of the crocodile are proverbial. 'A flame goeth out of his mouth' says Job. The crocodile, from long repression of breath in the water, is remarked by naturalists as emitting it so as to resemble smoke: and is not the dragon of romance represented as belching out fire? The tannim of Ezekiel too has feet; and so it should seem had the leviathan of Job. The feet of the crocodile resemble those of the imaginary dragon; but whales have no feet. Again the tannim of Ezekiel are described as being in 'the river of Egypt,' where whales are not known, but crocodiles are proverbially numerous. Eve, Heva, Chavah, the name of the first woman, signified, in several of the Oriental languages, a serpent: it also signified *life*, or *to cause to live*; and so Moses himself interprets: 'And he called her name Eve, because she was the mother of all living.' The serpent became the symbol of the tempter or the enemy of man. It became confounded with the dragon; and hence we find the terms tannim, leviathan, etc., used often for each other, and equally translated by that of dragon."

By the learned Dr. Bryant the origin of the dragon, and its introduction into fable and romance, has been traced from a similar source and from the same country. According to him, towers were built on artificial mounds, in Syria and Egypt, as places of safety and as repositories for riches and treasures. As they were generally royal edifices, and very strong, they were termed *trachon*. Two of these hills with towers of this kind were near to Damascus, whence the Regio Traconitis received its name. The Greeks, who received their arts and mythology from the Egyptians, called these places *Drakon*; whence in a great measure arose the notion of virgins and treasures being guarded by sleepless dragons. When the Greeks came to

understand that in these temples idols under the form of serpents were worshipped, they concluded that *trachon* was a serpent, and hence it came that they termed that animal *draco*, for the draco was always considered an imaginary being. In romances we often read of pious virgins being cruelly exposed to dragons and sea monsters, and of dragons which laid waste whole provinces until they were encountered and slain by some knight of most eminent prowess. All these poetical accounts seem to have arisen from fables and misconceptions about these towers or temples, which these knights either founded or took in war; or if they were deities of whom such stories are told, these temples were erected to their honor. But the Greeks made no distinction. They were fond of the heroic. No colony could settle anywhere and erect one of the temples but what there was supposed to have been an encounter between a hero and a dragon.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mrs. Arthur Arnold has a translation of Castelar's "Life of Byron" in press.

—Another work from the pen of Jules Verne is imminent. It is "The Courier of the Czar."

—Miss Anna E. Dickinson's novel in the press of Osgood is entitled "A Paying Investment."

—O. M. Watkins, Mayor of Galveston, is preparing for publication the life of Maximilian, late Emperor of Mexico.

—Joaquin Miller's novel, "The One Fair Woman," will be published serially in *The Galaxy*, simultaneously with its English publication.

—An interesting medical work is anticipated in Dr. W. A. Hammond's "Spiritualism and Other Allied Causes of Nervous Derangement in their Medical and Medico-Legal Relations."

—"Ghirghis Mohammed, M. P.," is the title of a new satirical brochure, for which the khedive of Egypt's finances have furnished the text to Mr. Edward St. John Fairman, of England.

—Mme. Jaell, the wife of Herr Alfred Jaell, and herself also a distinguished pianist, has written a quartet for piano and strings, which has been produced before a select circle of artists in Paris, and which is very highly spoken of.

—Taine's forthcoming book on "The Origin of Contemporary France" contains an exact and minute description of French society in the time of the revolution, and, it is said, demolishes some popular legends concerning that world-famous event.

—Messonier's "Cuirassiers of Reichoffen," is said to have been bought for \$6,000 by Mr. Stewart, an American who lived for some time in Paris, and possesses an unrivaled collection of Fortuny's works, whose talent he has the reputation of having been the first to recognize.

—William Hart, Jervis McEntee, S. J. Guy, Samuel Colman, and other members of the Mutual Aid Society have contributed, as is their custom, each a painting of value to the widow of the late W. J. Hays. These paintings will be exhibited and sold at auction for the widow's benefit.

—Mr. MacGahan, author of "Campaigning on the Oxus," who accompanied Capt. Young in his late Arctic expedition, is preparing an account of the voyage, under the title of "Under the Northern Lights: the Cruise of the Pandora to Peel's Strait in Search of Sir John Franklin's papers."

—The expected production of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" at the Berlin opera house seems at present doubtful, Mme. Mallinger having declined to take the part of Isolde (for the very good reason that she cannot sing it). The tenor, Niemann, has returned to Berlin, where he has appeared in the "Jewess."

—Frau Clara Schumann, the great pianist, who has for

some time been disabled from her duties by severe rheumatism, has recovered sufficiently to perform at the third concert of the Gewandhaus. She will now be able to resume her duties in the pursuit of the great cause to which she has devoted her energies, and to carry out her cherished object—the propagation of her husband's works.

—"La Psychologie Sociale" is a new work by M. Philarete Chasles, of whom it is told that, appointed by the influence of Guizot to a professorship in the College of France, where he was to lecture on the language and literature of the people of northern Europe, he armed himself with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and a copy of George Sand's last novel, and talked to the students about whatever came into his head.

—Mr. Larkin G. Mead has presented a design for a soldiers' monument at Holyoke, Mass., which has been accepted by the local committee. The design represents a soldier, with a knapsack on his back, standing with his musket at charge bayonet. The figure is to be of bronze, seven and a half feet high, standing on a granite block of the same height, and six by nine feet at the base. The appropriation for the monument is \$10,000.

William Morris' translation of the "Æneid of Virgil," as, following Chapman's "Iliads," he phrases his title, has been published in England, and may soon be expected from an American publishing-house. It is in fourteen syllable couplets, two lines in one. In speaking of previous English translations, *The Athenæum* declares that it knows only of two, ignoring the most recent, that of Mr. Cranch.

—Bischoff is at it again. In noticing a concert by the Handel and Haydn Society of Brooklyn, the *New York Tribune* says: Mr. Bischoff sang a new song by Dr. Damosch ('Young Siegfried'). It has some rather dramatic effects, and the accompaniment is well orchestrated; but the themes are not especially pleasing, and an unfortunate high note of Mr. Bischoff's, which was painfully flat, detracted from the pleasure which the song might otherwise have given."

—The Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald* says: "The new Tannhauser, with all the additions and alterations and restorations, was produced at Vienna last Monday night. Wagner, that great drum-major of the music of the future, superintended the great sensation. We know what the result was in Paris; the first act was a failure, and Wagner, with all his weird genius, could not, or at least, did not, set it right on last Monday night, as we hear from Vienna."

—Prof. Victor Hammerell, of Paris, who spent eight months in preparing Miss Annie Louisa Cary for her debut in Moscow, is now in Providence. He told a correspondent of the *Journal* recently that he found Miss Cary's voice almost perfect, and that among the many hundred voices he has professionally tested before appearing on the boards of the Opera Comique (and he has had that office to perform for the last eight years), he never found a sweeter or clearer one than Miss Cary's.

—"La Tour de France" is a new French work resembling in kind the Appleton publication "Picturesque America," with this difference—the articles are to be written by celebrated litterateurs; for example Dumas is to prepare "La Cite de Limes," Victor Hugo will write about "The Shores of France," Alphonse Daudet of "Corsica," Viollette-Duc of "Carcassonne," Francisque Sarcet of "Bou-gival." Other articles will be furnished by Gustave Flaubert, Paul Feval, Elisee Reclus, and others. The illustrations will take the same rank.

—The Boston Public Library is about to make a proposal to Congress which will secure to the government, at the mere cost of printing, a topical index of the United States documents from the Eighth Congress to the present time. The Index down to 1866 was printed by the city of Boston, and the supplement, bringing it down to date, had been prepared by the Library. The earlier portions are to be reprinted with fuller references, the whole making a volume of 200 pages. The memorial of the board of trustees asks that Congress will either make an appropriation to print the whole work, or to purchase enough copies to sustain them in this expenditure; otherwise the catalogue must remain in manuscript, and necessarily be accessible only to visitors of the Library.

Books and Periodicals.

BALLADS, SONGS AND POEMS of William Collins. New York: P. J. Kennedy: No. 5 Barclay St. 1875. Pp. 359.

It is gratifying to see the poems which Mr. Collins has at various times written for the newspaper press collected and issued in book form. Mr. Collins has much of the poetic fire in him, and will undoubtedly serve to entertain (for such we believe to be the office of poesy) many a reader. He will undoubtedly be popular with all who love the fiery and fierce style of which he is an able representative. The volume is printed in good, clear type and makes a very fair volume.

—*Church's Musical Visitor* for December offers a long list of good things, both in its literary and music departments. "Fields for Musical Scholarship," by W. S. B. Mathews, is an article which music teachers and scholars should read. Another noticeable article is "Many Students of the Piano and few Players." D. C. Addison contributes a musical sketch entitled, "A Pupil of Mozart." There are several other long articles and many short ones, interesting correspondence, poetry, and editorials upon topics of general interest to the musically inclined. The music in this number covers seventeen pages. There are seven pieces, vocal and instrumental. There is a song by Danks, entitled "Dream of the old Home"; a song and chorus, "Down the Stream the Shadows Darken," by Arini; "Clover Mazurka"; "Nocturne," by Krug; a four-part glee by Mendelssohn, entitled "In a Wood"; "Christmas Carols," etc. The music alone in this number of the *Visitor* is worth much more than the subscription price for the whole year, which is \$1.50, including premium. Sample copy, with list of premiums for 1876, will be sent, on receipt of one stamp, by the publishers, John Church & Co., Cincinnati, O.

—The December number of the popular *Manhattan and De La Salle Monthly*, edited by John Savage, comes to us more sprightly and lively than ever. It fills a place in Catholic journalism which was long felt, and it fills it well. The contents of the December number are: I, A Merry Christmas—Memories of Christmas Revels all over the world; II, Origin of Slavery; III, A Translation from the Classics; IV, Mr. Maurice (Conclude); V, Famous Memories of the Month—The death of Montgomery—Father de Smet, the great Black-gown—Bonaparte's Reception at Paris after his Italian Campaigns in 1797; VI, The Toper's Dilemma; VII, O'Connell at Home; VIII, Receipt against War at Home; IX, The Christian Brothers; X, The Cardinalate—Cardinal Customs—The English Cardinals—The College of Cardinals—The Minerva at Rome; XI, The Mission of the Republic; XII, A Reminiscence of the Old Park Theatre; XIII, Midnight Mass in Ireland—A Christmas Memory of the Penal Days; XIV, A Ride with Lady Betty; XV, The Education of Children, from the French of Bishop Dupanloup; XVI, Miscellany—The Highland Costume—Valuable Irish MSS.—Death of Dr. Herman Ebel—Snake Poison—Presidential Expenses—Food and Cooking—A Great Panorama for the Centennial; XVII, Current Publications—Dr. Howe on Emergencies, and How to Treat Them—The Young Ladies' Illustrated Reader—Sadlier's Excelsior Series of Geographies—New Music.

—John Howard Payne gave the following account of the origin of "Home, Sweet Home." I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning, as I was strolling along amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a beautiful girl, who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity, that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moment's conversation, I asked her for the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of "Home, Sweet Home," both of which I sent to Bishop. He happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, December 11, 1875.

Single Copies of THE SCHOLASTIC may now be procured at the Tribune Store, South Bend, and at the Students' Office, at Five Cents per copy.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

A Suggestion.

The Catholics in the United States are by no means few in number. They are honest, sober, industrious and intelligent. They not only pay taxes to support the State or public schools, but in addition to this they support schools of their own, where the attendance is large and the progress made by the pupils is satisfactory. They are as well educated as any citizens in the land, and support monthly periodicals which in point of literary ability will compare favorably with non-Catholic magazines, if they do not surpass them.

But it is a remarkable fact that although the Catholics are numerous, although they are educated, although they are great readers, there is not a single daily paper to represent their opinion. Certainly the views of the members of a Church which is spread everywhere throughout the world are entitled to some attention, and should demand it through the columns of a daily, and not depend upon having the Catholic opinion restrained to the columns of the weekly newspapers.

The Catholics of the United States then should have a daily paper which shall judge of affairs from a Catholic standpoint. We do not say that they should demand, or should have, a religious daily paper, for we are afraid that such would to a certain extent defeat the object for which it would be started; and, besides, it is notorious that religious dailies have never been successful. What should be started in New York is a newspaper which shall faithfully represent Catholic opinion by treating of all questions into which religion or morals enter, from a Catholic point of view; or, what ought be better, to get control of one of those papers already being published and to make it the representative of Catholic sentiment.

There is scarcely a daily paper published in the United States, let it endeavor to be as fair as it will, which can treat of matters with which the Church becomes mixed up, as they should be treated. The religion of the managers will, imperceptibly to them, bias their minds; besides, their whole education and habit of thought prevent their seeing things in the right light. The Catholic Church and everything connected with the Church are enigmas to them. They cannot understand them. They fall into errors that the smallest boy in a catechism class could correct; and yet, imagining that they have a full knowledge of the faith of Catholics and the teachings of their Church, they treat all questions in their editorials. Catholics sometimes smile at the errors committed by the editors, sometimes are indignant, and sometimes pass them over with the re-

mark that he is a good fellow, who tries to be fair, and as his errors are seen by Catholics no great harm is done.

But it is not right that this state of things should last any longer. Catholics should have a daily paper in which they will be able to read all the news of the day, and not be insulted by the editorial comments thereon. We trust that it will not be long before what we have urged will be done, and if the Catholic Unions throughout the country would interest themselves in the matter we believe that before another winter shall have passed, a paper, not a religious one, but one representing Catholic opinion, will be published in New York. If the present war waged by the *Catholic Review* against the *Herald* has the result of starting a paper of this kind, then will the war have been waged with profit. But might not the editor of the *Review* set about interesting the Catholic capitalists of New York to subscribe a sufficient amount towards starting a Catholic daily, or rather of changing the *Review* from a weekly into a daily newspaper?

Falsehood.

God forbids us in the Eighth Commandment to bear false witness against our neighbor. By false witness He means not only false testimony, rash judgment, backbiting and slander, but also the telling of lies. We may lie by our words and by our actions. We lie by our words when we wilfully and intentionally say something which is not true; we lie by our actions when we perform them with the intention of deceiving others. Now, lying by actions is especially practised in two ways: first, by feigning good qualities which we do not possess; and secondly, among students it is very frequently practised by deceiving their professors in regard to studying their lessons. They come to class without being prepared, and then, behind another person's back, they endeavor to read out of the book that what they should know by heart. And we have seen some students go even further. Being too lazy to study, they write out the lesson and bring the copy into the class-room, where they use it in such a manner that, while they seem to be only playing with a piece of paper, they are in reality reading off the lesson. A well-educated and truthful student feels indignant at such a mean way of acting; but the liar is not even ashamed of it. He even thinks to deserve praise for the skill which he displays in deceiving others, and, therefore, it is not seldom that we hear such a person boasting of his success in his low trade. But it is only himself that approves of his conduct. How can we be pleased with a person whom we cannot trust, whom we cannot believe! To love such a person would be nothing else than loving one's own ruin.

Every lie, whether in word or in action is displeasing to educated gentlemen. They despise a liar, and do not like to have any dealings with him. In this they are acting wisely, for if we become acquainted with a liar we shall soon find out that he is also a thief; or if he is not one yet, he will soon become so by necessity, because by the fact that people cannot place any trust in him, and do not like to be in his company, they will not give him the necessary opportunities of earning means for his subsistence. He becomes poor, and is tempted to seek to supply his wants by the low trade of a thief. It may be that it does not always go so far; still a lie is a sin, and cannot remain unpunished. Besides, a liar is even a greater thief than

one who steals money or other property. He steals what is most dear to man: honor, good name, knowledge of truth, peace and happiness.

We would therefore caution young men from giving way to any such mean traits of character as the foregoing, for as the twig is bent so will the tree grow. If a young man finds in himself the inclination to practise such frauds as will place him on a footing with such of his fellow-students as are more industrious and persevering, he should at once place a restraint upon his weakness in this respect; he should reason with himself that honesty and honor alike forbid such unfair dealings. By checking such inclinations in youth he will soon grow out of them altogether; he will obtain the confidence of his fellows; and if it happens that he does not hold as high a place in his class as they, he will still command their honor and respect, while at the same time really losing nothing in his studies;—for these petty frauds will eventually make themselves known, and the honors for which the deceit was practised will be awarded to whom they are due.

Boys should not think these things mere trifles, not worthy of consideration or check, as they do not intend them to go any farther; if they do not nip fraudulent inclinations in the bud they will gradually enlarge and work themselves deep into their character, gaining strength by age.

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence set in motion
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary then ———"

Competition.

Competition is the means by which our abilities are tested, and is, if conducted properly, a fair and impartial trial of our worth in any capacity. It is ever and always the scourge of indolence and falsehood, the defender of industry and truth. At home, at school, on the farm, in the workshop, before the bar, in the pulpit, I may say in all our walks through life, we have and will have competition.

At home, what a natural rivalry there is among children, each one as it were making it his duty to excel the other in obeying that beautiful command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and not in this only, but in their every act. At play, if jumping the rope, each sister wants to have the honor of being the best. If playing marbles, how anxious each brother is to be the best, because not only his honor but his marbles are at stake! Thus by competition parents become cognizant of their children's qualities, whether good, bad or indifferent.

Competition at home is vastly different from that abroad. At home we have it in its mildest form, and for that very reason we often make use of the expression: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." There our faults are excused, our glory is not at stake; and whether good or bad, we are treated much alike.

At home alone is that the case and for that reason I consider that, to a certain extent we find at home an exception to the rule that competition is the scourge of indolence and falsehood and the defender of industry and truth.

What a contrast we observe between home and college! How quick we perceive the change when we enter a class, each one doing his main and might to excel the other, working as though their lives depended upon their knowl-

edge of the task imposed; and how natural it is for us to take hold and follow to the best of our ability! We find there is no chance here for indolence: each one receives what he justly deserves; no more, no less.

Competition divides us and metes out justice to all of us. It distinguishes the industrious scholar by giving him credit for his talent. The indolent scholar is exposed and pointed out by it; the cheeky scholar by it is brought to time; and the modest scholar by its means is not imposed upon. Whether they be rich or poor, old or young, it is ever and always their impartial judge. Does a scholar study so earnestly because his studies are interesting? What is it that is so striking about his studies that he works so faithfully? Is it because his teachers command him, or his parents advise and encourage him, that he so willingly exerts himself? To all these questions I answer: No. "You can't put an old head on young shoulders"; consequently the young scholar is not capable of appreciating how much his future success depends upon education. Hence the advice of his friends, his teachers, and even of his parents would be of no avail were it not for competition. That is the cause of all this faithful study; by it ambition is instilled into the scholar, and this arouses his natural love for honor and makes him exert all his powers of mind and body to attain it. Finally, our school-days are over. Perhaps our calling is that of a business man. When we enter the field of business, what do we observe? We find men engaged in the same business in which we are—some perhaps poorer, some perhaps wealthier, but in every case having the same end in view. Again, we are aroused to action by competition, but now by competition of a different nature. In this case we have two objects for which to contend, namely, our honor and our means of living. Those are the objects that cause all the excitement and confusion common to business. To the influence exercised over us by our natural love for those objects is added that of ambition, and ambition drives us to our work, which consists in competing or contending with opposition. We find consequently that competition is the life of every occupation, at home, at college, and in active life.

Personal.

- John F. Wolfe, of '73, is in Ottawa, Ill.
- Thos. Foley, of '71, is in Nashville, Tenn.
- J. C. Eisenman, of '—, is in Louisville, Ky.
- Rev. R. Shortis is now in New Orleans, La.
- Jeremiah Spillard, of '72, is settled at Elgin, Ill.
- Frederick Williams, of '64, is in Lafayette, Ind.
- T. F. Heery, of '69, is living in Clarksville, Iowa.
- Wm. Ames of '74, is doing well in Tremont, Ohio.
- Jos. Hermann, of '65, is banking in Cincinnati, Ohio.
- W. J. Fletcher, of '72, is in business in St. Louis, Mo.
- J. Breckweg, of '71, is in business in Lafayette, Ind.
- Thos. Miller, of '61, has a fine law practice in Peru, Ind.
- J. P. Quinlan, of '63, is in business in Cleveland, Ohio.
- Douglas Cook, of '60, is prospering in St. Louis, Missouri.
- W. J. Graham, of '67, is in the publishing business in Ottawa, Ill.
- Ivo Buddeke, of '69, is practising medicine in Nashville, Tenn.

—George Mayer, of '65, is in the jewelry business in Fort Wayne, Ind.

—S. A. Marks, of '74, is in the Insurance business in Chicago, Ill.

—William Howland, of '64, is engaged in business in Elkhart, Ind.

—James M. Rothschild, of '68, is practising law in San Francisco, Cal.

—Benjamin F. Roberts, of '72, is banking in Independence, Missouri.

—Robert Tilman, of '66, is married and settled near St. Louis, Missouri.

—William B. Small, of '68, is in the lumber trade in Wilmington, Ill.

—P. McNaughton, of '72, is in business with his father in Buffalo, N. Y.

—Thomas Farrell, of '66, has been with us on a visit for a few days past.

—Michael Toohey, of '61, is doing a prosperous business in St. Louis, Mo.

—Thos. Ireland, of '72, is in business with his father in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—E. Blaine Walker, of '68, is doing exceedingly well in Helena, Montana.

—Harvey Taylor, of '70, owns and runs a large farm near Glencoe, Illinois.

—J. C. Lavelle, of '69, is practising medicine in the southern part of Illinois.

—John B. Goodhue, of '71, is in St. Louis, Mo., where we learn he is doing well.

—T. D. Flanigen, of '73, is connected with the postal service in Nashville, Tenn.

—M. B. Collins, of '63, is connected with the American Express Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

—P. J. O'Connell, of '74, is a member of the Board of Education in Cook County, Ill.

—P. L. Garrity, of '60, is doing an excellent business at No. 100 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

—H. B. Keeler, of '69, is in the real estate and insurance business at St. Mary's, Kansas.

—Joseph Rumely, of '72, is President of the St. Aloysius Young Men's Association in Laporte, Ind.

—R. H. Clarke, of '61, is residing at Wickliffe, Iowa, where he is engaged in a lucrative business.

—James J. Wilson, of '71, is still in Newark, New Jersey, where he is President of the Young Men's Catholic Association.

—Master Frank Egan, of '73, is book-keeper at Lloyd, Supplee & Walton's, wholesale hardware merchants, No. 625 Market St., Philadelphia, Penn.

—On last Thursday night was held the regular meeting of the Academy of Design. Mr Cyrenius Hall was unanimously elected a member of the Academy. Mr J. P. Stiles and Prof. Luigi Gregori were elected associate members. Mr. Enoch Root, in behalf of Prof. Luigi Gregori, who is unable to speak English, presented the Academy with a very valuable set of anatomical drawings, which the professor made from life at Rome. The gift was accepted, with a resolution of thanks to the generous donor.—*Chicago Times*.

Local Items.

—"Elevate yourself."

—Ho! for the Columbians!

—A few drizzly days this past week.

—Oh, the drear and gloomy weather!

—Look out for the SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC!

—"Bright was the morn when Shickey first awoke."

—"There's a heap of trouble on the old man's mind."

—The foot ball has been pretty well used by the Juniors.

—"Please pass the oysters" was what he said ten times.

—It is time to shoot a cat when it nips you on the nose.

—The double windows are great things to keep out the cold.

—Mr. Ruddiman served a short term in Muskegon, Mich., this week.

—The Columbians have been busy rehearsing for their Exhibition.

—We insist on the "old man" getting six months for stealing an umbrella.

—Let everyone put in as much study time as he can between this and Christmas.

—Mr. Shickey, the popular livery-man, is ever prepared to bring all visitors to Notre Dame.

—"Now, say: don't you big fellows hang around for lunch. You don't need to grow anymore."

—We would be much more obliged to our young friends if they would send more locals and less gags.

—The first bear-dance will be given on the 24th of this month. Grizzly has engaged the N. D. U. C. B.

—After considering the subject we find that it is impossible to have University without retaining Ivers.

—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated in an appropriate manner on Wednesday last.

—Classes go on with a regularity and profit to the students that foretell brilliant examinations in February.

—A number of Juniors went out walking on Thursday last. They had a good time, though it did snow a little.

—When the Spring time comes it is expected that the lower lake will rival the upper one in the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

—Mr. James McDermott, of the *Chicago Courier*, the *South Bend Herald* and the *Brooklyn Eagle*, will deliver a lecture in South Bend next Tuesday evening.

—The manner in which the students sing at Vespers adds much to this beautiful Office, and we hope that they will continue to sing with all the vim possible.

—We did not find that item in the foundation of the old church. It is too bad that they put nothing in the cornerstone when it was laid, some twenty odd years ago.

—At rehearsals no one is expected to be present unless he be invited to rehearse, or is invited to assist in preparing those who are to "appear in public on the stage."

—The autograph Albums of some persons are very neat, but those of others are, "on the contrary, quite the reverse." Unless the albums are neat they don't make much of a show.

—We learn that the fences east of the Scholasticate and west of the Professed House will shortly be removed. It will add to the beauty of these places and at the same time be a great saving.

—There are not many students who show signs of "letting up" in their studies, and if the same application continues through the two sessions we may expect to have one of the most brilliant years on record.

—A Minim makes his first attempt at journalism in the following contribution:

ED. SCHOLASTIC:—Early Smith goes to bed with his pances on him as if we were sleeping in a barn. O. B.

—The retreat at St. Mary's Academy, preached by Rev. P. P. Cooney, was concluded on Wednesday morning. We doubt not but that the Catholic pupils of the institution derived much profit from the exercises at which they attended.

—The carts have been kept busy the whole week past carting earth to the tracts of land near the lower lake, where the banks of mud formerly prevented grass from growing. Fine meadows will be the consequence in a few years.

—An exchange asks the following conundrum: "Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush?" The answer is: "Because everybody should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbor's." The same may be said of the SCHOLASTIC.

—We acknowledge the receipt from Mr. W. J. Onahan of the excellent cartoon representing Bismark and the

Devil, which was first struck off, we believe, in Germany. This cartoon is a most excellent one, and we shall most certainly have it framed and hung.

—The seventh regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrician Association took place on the 6th inst. Declamations were delivered by Masters Ham, Hally, Nester, Nelson, Goldsberry, Peltier, Hagan, Lacy, Streit, Reynolds and Mosal. J. J. Fox was admitted a member.

—The weather-prophet, writing to us on the 8th of December, says: "We have not seen the sun nor moon since last Friday, and have had rain and cloudy weather continuously. We will have about forty-six falls of rain or snow during the three winter months. We are about to have colder weather."

—The fourth regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception was held on the 7th inst., Rev. Mr. Kelly in the chair. Badges of the Association were distributed among the members. B. Leander was elected an honorary, and Messrs. Roelle, Hally, McAuliffe and Fox active members.

—The SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC will be out this month, and will be one of the neatest volumes to be had the coming Christmas season. Prof. Lyons is determined to make it a most readable and entertaining book. As but very little space is left for advertising, all desiring to make their business known should apply at once.

—The "Corsican Brothers" will be produced by the Columbians on Tuesday, December 15th. The entertainment will begin at seven o'clock precisely. No invitations have been sent out, and it is hoped that everybody who has received the invitations at other Exhibitions will consider himself invited and honor the young men by their presence.

—One of the lamps lately hung in the new church was presented in memory of the late Father Lemonnier, by an old student. There are now five lamps burning before the tabernacle in the new church, and four more will be put up between this and Easter. Only pure olive oil is burnt in these lamps. The new altar will be erected in the course of four weeks.

—The 8th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club, was held Dec. 4th. Mr. P. B. Otero was elected a member. Essays were read by: Messrs. Breen, "History of the Scholastic"; McHugh, "Reading"; Hertzog, "Patriotism." Declamations were delivered by: Messrs. Cooney, "Regulus to the Carthaginians"; Maas, "Over the Mountains"; and O'Brien, "The Raising of the Flag." Mr. Cooney read a Criticism on the previous meeting.

—We have an excellent Band this year—this is conceded by all. We have said as much on other occasions, and the members will pardon us if we find one fault with them. They do not pay enough attention to the *pianissimos*. We were well pleased when we heard them play the other day, though we must find fault with them because of their neglect in this regard. When our friend John came to us with a broad grin and asked us "Why the the members of the Band resembled good horses?" we guessed in a minute that the answer was, "Because they go too *forte*."

—The fourteenth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place on the 5th inst. Master P. M. Tamble opened the exercises by reading a historical essay on the Empire State. Compositions were read by Masters. Schmidt, Arnold and M. Kauffman. Declamations were given by Masters A. K. Schmidt, P. M. Tamble, Riopelle, Ludwig, French, Nelson, Rosa, Whipple, Lonstorf, Ryan, Kauffman, Mayer, Raymond, and A. Burger. Master Ryan closed the exercises by reading a report of the words missed during the public reading in the refectory.

—And now it is said that the publishers of Webster's Dictionaries are responsible for the recent "Spelling Bee" excitement. Whether this is true or not, the spelling mania was a good thing, and it undoubtedly had a very excellent influence. Of all educational accomplishments, a proper knowledge of the orthography of our own language is certainly the most desirable, and of all the deficiencies in our educational methods, that relating to this study is

the most marked. And we were therefore going to say that whether the spelling excitement came about through the advertising efforts of the Webster publishers or not, one thing is quite clear, and that is that there is nothing that has helped to stimulate the wide-spread interest in the subject, or that is so nearly a Speller's *Vade Mecum* as Webster's Pocket Dictionary, sold for one dollar, and to be had of almost any dealer in books. It is a marvel of compactness, containing about three hundred illustrations, over eighteen thousand words, brief but comprehensive rules for spelling, a large number of words from foreign languages, phrases, proverbs, etc., in common use. It is neatly bound in morocco, with tucks and gilt edges. If not otherwise obtainable it may be had by mail from the publishers, Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 138 and 140 Grand Street, New York, by enclosing to them the price, one dollar.

—The following is the Programme of the Exhibition to be given by the Columbians on Tuesday night, December 14th, 1875:

Entrance March.....	University Band
Overture.....	Orchestra
Address.....	J. H. Cooney
Music.....	Orchestra

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

A Drama in Three Acts, Remodelled for the Occasion.

Fabrian dei Franchi.....	T. C. Logan
Louis dei Franchi.....	Logan Murphy
Saville dei Franchi.....	J. McNulty
Chateau Renaud.....	Joseph Campbell
Alfred Meunard.....	W. P. Breen
Baron Montgiron.....	A. Hertzog
Baron Martelli.....	J. Obert
Jules de Lasparre.....	J. McHugh
Pierre.....	J. H. Cooney
Griffo.....	W. Fogarty
Boissec.....	H. O'Brien
Surgeon.....	V. Baca
Antonio Sanola.....	R. Maas
Gaetano Orlando.....	B. Meyer
Marco Colonna.....	McCollom
Julian.....	J. Dwyer
Tomaso.....	J. Dryfoos

Servants, Villagers, Gamblers, etc.

March for Retiring..... University Band

Saint Mary's Academy.

—Those who go home for the Holidays will leave on the 22d or 23rd, as classes will be continued up to the 22d. Classes will be resumed the first Monday in January.

—Cool evenings are calculated to render indoor amusements very lively. No cases of lockjaw are reported among the merry maidens who most do congregate in St. Mary's recreation rooms.

—The Juniors' "Statuary Performances" are admirable. The Art Department should certainly attend these artistic entertainments, as much may be learned in the matter of graceful groupings. *Vive la Junias!*

—The question now among the pupils is: "Are you going home Christmas?" The greater number will, as usual, remain at St. Mary's, therefore many Christmas boxes sent by loving parents will soon be coming in, and the usual amount of festivity will be enjoyed by the "can't-get-aways."

—The non-arrival of the "Amerique" causes great anxiety. Telegraphic reports from Paris and London describe the "Amerique" as going slowly but surely to the destined port. But though these reports allay any extreme fears for the safety of our Venerated Very Rev. Father Sorin, and the other dear friends on board—still, the suspense and anxiety will be very painful till certain tidings of the safety of her passengers reach us.

—The Catholic pupils are now enjoying the privilege of a three days' Retreat previous to the closing of the Jubilee on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The zealous and eloquent Father Cooney, C. S. C., is the preacher. The attention and devotion manifested by his auditors is indeed edifying. The classes and music lessons have been regularly given during the Retreat, though the attendance was much diminished by the absence of those who were engaged in the pious exercises.

—CATHOLIC FAIR AT SALT LAKE CITY.—On the 4th inst. a large box of fancy articles was forwarded to Salt Lake City. Said articles had been made and contributed by the pupils of St. Mary's Academy to aid Mother M. Augustus in liquidating the debt contracted in the erection of a Hospital and Academy at that place. The Fair will commence during the Christmas holidays. The liberality and kindness of the young ladies deserve much praise, and is highly appreciated by the Sisters.

For superior excellence in deportment and standing in class, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Clarke, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, K. Joyce, A. St. Clair, L. Arnold, E. York, I. Reynolds, K. McNamara, A. Walsh, A. O'Connor, J. Bennett, J. Nunning, M. Faxon, F. Diller, M. Dunbar, M. Julius, L. Johnson, M. Brady, M. Walsh, L. Kelley, C. Woodward, L. Henrotin, E. Mann, A. Byrne, A. Duncan, S. Hole, C. Morris, M. Cravens, J. Pierce, P. Gaynor, A. Dennehey, M. Culliton, M. Spier, E. O'Neil, R. Casey, A. Henneberry, H. Julius, K. Hutchinson, A. Prettyman, M. Murray, R. Neteler, H. Russell, M. and E. Thompson, S. Moran, M. Gaynor, E. O'Connor, B. Siler, I. Maas, U. Goodell, S. and I. Edes, N. Tuttle, M. Hutchinson, K. Casey, G. Youell, L. Gustine, E. Pierce, T. O'Brien, S. Swalley, M. Parker, L. Moran, N. King, E. Cannon, M. Siler, E. Edes, G. Wells, M. Hooper, L. Fawcett, L. Tighe, A. Spangler, S. Cash, M. Marky, A. Sievers, L. Schwass, A. Miller, L. Leppig, F. Gurney, L. Brownbridge, C. Morrill, C. Fawcett, J. Darcy, M. Telford, M. Railton, C. Whitmore, R. Filbeck, L. Weber.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Miss R. Neteler.
3RD CLASS—Misses A. Cullen, M. and E. Thompson, E. Lange, A. Koch.
4TH CLASS—Misses M. A. Schultheis, P. Gaynor, L. Kirchner, M. O'Connor and S. Moran.
5TH CLASS—Misses K. Morris, A. Harris and J. Mitchell.

PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

3RD CLASS—Misses L. Ritchie, L. Henrotin.

OIL PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Miss B. Wade.
3RD CLASS—Miss C. Morgan.

We are glad to announce that Miss J. Kreigh has resumed her studies in the Art Department

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1st CLASS—Misses H. Foote, E. O'Connor, L. Henrotin and R. Devoto.
2d CLASS, 2d Div.—Misses M. Gaynor, A. Dennehey, A. Byrnes, Morgan, Maas, Arnold, E. Dennehey.
3d CLASS—Misses S. Edes, L. Kirchner, M. Walsh, F. Gurney, E. Edes, A. Walsh, E. Cannon, I. Edes, J. Bennett, A. Kirchner, L. Walsh. 2d Div.—Misses H. Julius, J. Morris, H. O'Meara.

—A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* writes from Beyreuth that the little berg is full of musicians of more or less renown from all parts of Germany—Franz Liszt, Wagner's chief protector and aid; Eckert, Director of the Royal Opera at Berlin; Directors from Vienna, Munich, and Leipzig; and many young men who, with text-book or score, attend in all the effulgence of long hair parted in the middle (*a la Liszt*), and wise-looking spectacles, as though these were the necessary conditions to the dignity of the artist. Alas, I'm afraid the most of them satisfy themselves with this outward semblance (monkey-like imitation), and fill the vacancy of their own talents by exaggerated swarming for the works of the master, Wagner, and who, if they attempt to do any work, will also simply continue to imitate, producing cheap counterfeits of noble originals.

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Use of Violin.....	2 50
Telegraphy.....	10 00
Vocal Lessons, { General Class Principles.....	10 00
Vocal Culture.....	15 00
Elocution—Special Course.....	5 00
Use of Library (per session).....	1 00
Drawing.....	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus.....	5 00
Graduation Fee, { Classical Course.....	10 00
Scientific Course.....	10 00
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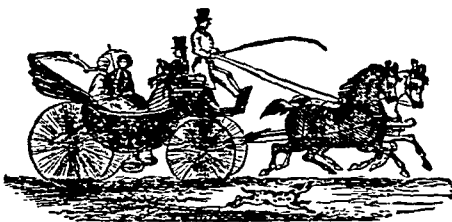
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Attached to the National Hotel, and Adjacent to the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Depot.

Now, that telegraphic communication has been made between Notre Dame and my office, through the Michigan Southern Depot, I shall be prompt to have passengers in time to meet all trains.

For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, I refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.

P. SHICKEY.**L. S. & M. S. Railway.**

On and after Sunday, Nov. 21, 1875, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 40 a m., Night Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 10 30; Cleveland 3 p m; Buffalo 4 15.

10 12 a m., Mail; over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 35 p m; Cleveland 10 15.

11 55 p m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 10; Cleveland 10 10; Buffalo 4 05 a m.

9 12 p m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 40; Cleveland, 7 15; Buffalo, 1 10 p m.

7 53 p m., Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 30; Cleveland 10 55 a m., Buffalo 7 p m.

4 40 p m., Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

4 40 a m., Express. Arrives at Laporte 4 15 p m, Chicago 6 30 a m

5 50 a m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 45; Chicago 8 20 a m.

3 p m., Evening Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 55; Chicago, 6 30

5 43 p m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 45. Chicago, 8 20.

8 00 a m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a m, Chicago 11 30 a m.

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	*Mail.	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express
Lv. Chicago.....	5 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	7 32 "	11 01 "	6 35 "	7 43 "	11 15 "
" Niles	9 03 "	12 15 p.m.	8 30 "	8 55 "	12 45 "
" Jackson.....	2 12 p.m.	4 05 "	7 00 a.m.	12 47 a.m.	4 55 "
Ar. Detroit	5 45 "	6 30 "	10 15 "	3 50 "	8 00 "
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	9 50 a.m.	4 40 p.m.	5 40 p.m.	9 50 "
" Jackson.....	10 37 "	12 30 p.m.	7 15 "	9 25 "	12 45 a.m.
" Niles	3 40 p.m.	4 19 "	6 10 a.m.	2 30 a.m.	4 30 "
" Mich. City..	5 15 "	5 45 "	7 50 "	4 05 "	5 45 "
Ar. Chicago.....	7 35 "	8 00 "	10 20 "	6 30 "	8 00 "

Niles and South Bend Division.**GOING NORTH.**

Lv. South Bend—	8 15 a.m.	7 15 p.m.	\$9 00 a.m.	\$7 00 p.m.
" Notre Dame—	8 22 "	7 23 "	9 07 "	7 07 "
Ar. Niles—	9 00 "	8 00 "	9 40 "	7 40 "

GOING SOUTH.

Lv. Niles—	6 30 a.m.	4 20 p.m.	\$8 00 a.m.	\$5 00 p.m.
" Notre Dame—	7 07 "	4 56 "	8 32 "	5 32 "
Ar. South Bend—	7 15 "	5 05 "	8 40 "	5 40 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.
§Sunday only.

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Caramels.....	35c
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Haydn, 7th & 8th, each.	65	" 15th.....	65
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" G.....	50		

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THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776.

NEW YORK.

1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.

The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by THE SUN, will sternly and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of Grant's administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this THE SUN will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics.

The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon GRANT's aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read THE SUN will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.

The WEEKLY SUN, which has attained a circulation of over eighty thousand copies, already has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that the year 1876 will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the general news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment; and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are also regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.

The WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, with fifty-six broad columns, is only \$1.20 a year, postage prepaid. As this price barely repays the cost of the paper, no discount can be made from this rate to clubs, agents, postmasters, or anyone.

The DAILY SUN, a large four-page newspaper of twenty-eight columns, gives all the news for two cents a copy. Subscription, postage prepaid, 55c. a month or \$6.50 a year. SUNDAY edition extra, \$1.10 per year. We have no travelling agents.

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